

COL. ROOSEVELT A SINGLE-TAXER

Col. Roosevelt, who is attempting to destroy the Republican party and to find his way to the White House again through a new political organization built upon the ruins of the party which has so signally honored him, has advocated a great many political fads and new political ideas and would, no doubt, should he be elected President, attempt to enforce new schemes for taxation and for raising revenue. One of the alleged reforms earnestly advocated by a great many men who know life and government chiefly from the viewpoint of dwellers in cities, is the proposition to impose all taxes on real estate, making farm, forest and pasture lands and every square foot of Mother Earth contribute to the expenses of government without laying any burden upon improvements constructed on farms and city lots or upon any form of wealth other than that represented by deeds to the earth. This proposition has

never been popular in Missouri and is less so now because an attempt is being made to fasten it upon the Constitution. In all of the cities men who own lots and have expended thousands and millions of dollars to improve them are up in arms against this proposition, and farmers, almost without exception, are opposed to it. Some of the farmers in this state who have been disposed to follow the footsteps of Col. Roosevelt and who accept his teachings as gospel will no doubt be surprised to learn that he is an avowed advocate of the single tax theory. The American Economic League of Cincinnati, representing a national movement in behalf of the single tax system, recently issued a bulletin for the use of editors of country newspapers. These editors were asked to give it space as a contribution to the public good. We have not found it in the country weeklies of Missouri. As it has not been given publicity in this state we have reproduced it in order to show how

the Colonel views the single tax proposition. A fac-simile of it is printed on this page. It is not to be presumed for a moment that Col. Roosevelt would allow publicity of his favorable views of the single tax proposition unless he is sincere in advocating it. Those who believe in Col. Roosevelt do not doubt his sincerity; hence it is fair to say that what is quoted from him in the circular reproduced here, it came from him and is approved by him. It is a part of his "Confession of Faith."

There is no doubt whatever that Col. Roosevelt is a single-taxer. In fact he has been regarded for years as a convert to that theory of taxation. Should he be elected President (which, by the way, is hardly possible) he would undoubtedly urge congress to commit the national government to the single tax proposition. Missouri farmers certainly do not want to follow him in this fad, no matter what other of his alleged reforms they may feel like endorsing.

strange tragedy aside from he had already assayed? Sometimes an answer to a secret query is made openly. At this juncture Newbold came back. He stopped before her unthinkingly, his face now marked not only by the fierceness of the storm outside, but by the fiercer grapple of the storm in his heart.

"You have a right," he began, "to know everything now. I can withhold nothing from you."

He had in his hand a picture and something yellow that gleamed in the light. "There," he continued extending them toward her, "is the picture of the poor woman who loved me and whom I killed, you saw it once before."

"Yes," she nodded, taking it from him carefully and looking again in a strange commixture of pride, resentment and pity at the bold, somewhat coarse, entirely uncultured, yet handsome face which gave no evidence of the moral purpose which she had displayed.

"And here," said the man offering the other article, "is something that no human eye but mine has ever seen since that day. It is a locket I took from her neck. Until you came I wore it next to my heart."

"And since then?"

"Since then I have been unworthy her as I am unworthy you, and I have put it aside."

"Does it contain another picture?"

"Yes."

"Of her?"

"A man's face."

"Yours?"

He shook his head.

"Look and see," he answered.

"Press the spring."

Suiting action to word, the next second Enid Maitland found herself gazing upon the pictured semblance of Mr. James Armstrong! She was utterly unable to suppress an exclamation and a start of surprise at the astonishing revelation. The man looked at her curiously; he opened his mouth to question her but she recovered herself in part at least and swiftly interrupted him in a panic of terror lest she should betray her knowledge.

"And what is the picture of another man doing in your wife's locket?"

She asked to gain time, for she very well knew the reply; knew it, indeed, better than Newbold himself! Who as it happened, was equally in the dark both as to the man and the reason.

"I don't know," answered the other.

"Do you know this man?"

"I never saw him in my life that I can recall."

"And have you—did you—"

"Did I suspect my wife?" he asked. "Never. I had too many evidences that she loved me and me alone for a ghost of suspicion to enter my mind. It may have been a brother, or her father in his youth."

"And why did you wear it?"

"Because I took it from her dead heart. Some day I shall find out who the man is and when I shall know there will be nothing to her discredit in the knowledge."

Enid Maitland nodded her head. She closed the locket, laid it on the table and pushed it away from her. So this was the man the woman had loved, who had begged her to go away with him, this handsome Armstrong who had come within an ace of winning her own affection, to whom she was in some measure pledged!

How strangely does fate work out its purposes. Enid had come from the Atlantic seaboard to be the second woman that both these two men loved!

If she ever saw Mr. James Armstrong again, and she had no doubt that she would, she would have some strange things to say to him. She held in her hands now all the threads of the mystery, she was master of all the solutions, and each thread was a chain that bound her.

"My friend," she said at last with a deep sigh, "you must forget this night and go on as before. You love me, thank God for that, but honor and respect interpose between us. And I love you, and I thank God for that, too, but for me as well the same barrier rises. Whether we shall ever surmount these barriers God alone knows. He brought us together, he put that love in our hearts, we will have to leave it to him to do as he will with us both. Meanwhile we must go on as before."

"No," cried the man, "you impose upon me tasks beyond my strength; you don't know what love is, you don't know the heart hunger, the awful madness I feel. Think, I have been alone with a recollection for all these years, a man in the dark, in the night; and the light comes, you are here. The first night I brought you here I walked that room on the other side of that narrow door like a lion pent up in bars of steel. I had only my own love, my own passionate adoration to move me then, but now that I know you love me, that I see it in your eyes, that I hear it from your lips, that I mark it in the beat of your heart, can I keep silent? Can I live on and on? Can I see you, touch you, breathe the same air with you, be pent up in the same room with you hour after hour, day after day, and go on as before? I can't do it, it is an impossibility. What keeps me now from taking you in my arms and from kissing the color into your cheeks, from making your lips my own, from drinking the light from your eyes?" He swayed near to her, his voice rose. "What restrains me?" he demanded.

"Nothing," said the woman, never shrinking back an inch, facing him



She Was Utterly Unable to Suppress an Exclamation.

with all the courage and daring with which a Goddess might look upon a man. "Nothing but my weakness and your strength."

"Yes, that's it, but do not count too much upon the one or the other. Great God, how can I keep away from you; life on the old terms is insupportable. I must go."

"And where?"

"Anywhere, so it be away."

"And when?"

"Now."

"It would be death in the snow and in the mountains tonight. No, no, you cannot go."

"Well, tomorrow then. It will be fair, I can't take you with me, but I must go alone to the settlements. I must tell your friends you are here, alive, well. I shall find men to come back and get you. What I cannot do alone numbers together may effect. They can carry you over the worst of the trails, you shall be restored to your people, in your world again, you can forget me."

"And do you think," asked the woman, "that I could ever forget you?"

"I don't know."

"And will you forget me?"

"Not so long as life throbs in my veins, and beyond."

"And I too," was the return.

"So be it. You won't be afraid to stay here alone, now?"

"No, not since you love me," was his noble answer. "I suppose I must; there is no other way, we could not go on as before. And you will come back to me as quickly as you can with the others?"

"I shall not come back; I will give them the direction, they can find you without me. When I say goodbye to you tomorrow it shall be forever."

"And I swear to you," asserted the woman in quick desperation, "if you do not come back they shall have nothing to carry from here but my dead body. You do not alone know what love is," she cried resolutely, "and I will not let you go unless I have your word to return."

"And how will you prevent my going?"

"I can't. But I will follow you on my hands and knees in the snow until I freeze and die unless I have your promise."

"You have beaten me," said the man hopelessly. "You always do. Honor, what is it? Pride, what is it? Self-respect, what is it? Say the word and I am at your feet, I put the past behind me."

"I don't say the word," answered the woman bravely, white faced, pale lips, but resolute. "To be yours, to have you mine, is the greatest desire of my heart, but not in the coward's way, not at the expense of honor, of self-respect—no not that way. Courage, my friend, God will show us the way, and meantime good night."

"I shall start in the morning."

"Yes," she nodded reluctantly but knowing it had to be, "but you won't go without bidding me good bye."

"No."

"Good night then," she said extending her hand.

"Good night," he whispered hoarsely and refused it, backing away. "I don't dare to take it. I don't dare to touch you again. I love you so, my only salvation is to keep away."

The more he loved her, the more ashamed he was. By a curious combination of circumstances, Enid Maitland knew the truth; she knew that from one point of view the woman had been entirely unworthy the reverence in which her husband held her memory. She knew that his wife had not loved him at all, that her whole heart had been given to another man, that what Newbold had mistaken for a passionate desire for his society because there was no satisfaction in life for the wife away from him, was due to a fear lest without his protection she should be unable to resist the appeal of the other man which her heart seconded so powerfully. If it were only that Newbold would not be false to the obligation of the other woman's devotion, Enid might have solved the problem in a moment.

It was not so simple, however. The fact that Newbold cherished this memory, the fact that this other woman had fought so desperately, had tried so hard not to give way, entitled her to Enid Maitland's admiration and demanded her highest consideration as well. Chance, or Providence, had put her in possession of this woman's secret. It was as if she had been caught inadvertently eavesdropping. She could not in honor make use of what she had overheard, as it were; she could not blacken the other woman's memory, she could not enlighten this man at the expense of his dead wife's reputation.

Although she longed for him as much as he longed for her, although her love for him amazed her by its depth and intensity, even to bring her happiness, commensurate with her feeling, she could not betray her dead sister. The imposts of honor, how hard they are to sustain when they conflict with love and longing.

Enid Maitland was naturally not a little thrown off her balance by the situation and the power that was hers. What she could not do herself she could not allow anyone else to do. The obligation upon her must be extended to others. Old Kirkby had no right to the woman's secret any more than she; he must be silenced. Armstrong, the only other being who was privy to the truth, must be alienated too.

One thing at least arose out of the sea of trouble in a tangible way; she was done with Armstrong. Even if she had not so loved Newbold that she could scarcely give a thought to any other human being, she was done with Armstrong.

A singular situation! Armstrong had loved another woman, so had Newbold; and the latter had even married this other woman, yet she was quite willing to forgive Newbold, she made every excuse for him, she made none for Armstrong. She was an eminently sane, just person, yet as she thought of the situation her anger against Armstrong grew hotter and hotter. It was a safety valve to her feelings, although she did not realize it. After all, Armstrong's actions rendered her a certain service; if she could get over the objection in her soul, if she could ever satisfy her sense of honor and duty and obligation, she could settle the question at once. She had only to show the letters to Newbold and to say: "These were written by the man of the picture; it was he, and not you, your wife loved," and Newbold would take her to his heart instantly.

These thoughts were not without a certain comfort to her. All the compensation of self sacrifice in its realization. Thus she could and did not somehow ennobled her love for him. Even women are allowed with brass metal. In the powerful and universal appeal of this man to her, she rejected at whatever was of the soul, rather than of the body. To possess power, to refrain from using it in obedience to some higher law, is perhaps to pay oneself the most flattering of compliments. There was a satisfaction to her soul in this which was yet denied him.

Her action was quite different from his. She was putting away happiness which she might have had in complacency with a higher law than that which bids humanity enjoy. It was flattering to her mind. In his case, it was otherwise; he had no consciousness that he was a victim of misplaced trust, of misinterpreted action. He thought the woman for whom he was putting away happiness was almost as worthy, infinitely less desirable, as the woman whom he now loved.

Every sting of outrage, every feeling of shame, every fear of disloyalty, scorched him. She could glory in it; he was ashamed, humiliated, broken.

She heard him savagely walking up and down the other room, restlessly impelled by the same Eryines which of old scorched Orestes; the violator of the laws of moral being drove him on. These malign Eumenides held him in their hands. He was bound and helpless, rage as he might in one moment, pray as he did in another, no

light came into the whirling darkness of his torn, tempest tossed, driven soul. The irresistible impulse and the immovable body the philosophers puzzled over were exemplified in him. Whilst he almost hated the new woman, whilst he almost loved the old, yet that he did neither the one thing nor the other absolutely was significant.

Indeed he knew that he was glad Enid Maitland had come into his life. No life is complete until it is touched by that divine fire which for lack of another name we call love. Because we can experience that sensation we are said to be made in God's image. The image is blurred as the animal predominates, it is clearer as the spiritual has the ascendancy.

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EDITOR:

You are free to use this article without any cost. We should like, however, to be put upon your exchange list that we may see the use made of what we are sending you from week to week.

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ROOSEVELT FAVORS SINGLE TAX

It would be well in Alaska to try a system of land taxation which will, so far as possible, remove all the burdens from those who actually use the land, whether for building or for agricultural purposes, and will operate against any man who holds the land for speculation or derives an income from it based, not on his own exertions, but on the increase in value due to activities not his own. There is very real need that this Nation shall seriously prepare itself for the task of remedying social injustice and meeting social problems by well-considered governmental effort; and the best preparation for such wise action is to test by actual experiment under favorable conditions the devices which we have reason to believe will work well, but which is difficult to apply in old-settled communities without preliminary experiment.

—Theodore Roosevelt in his
"Confession of Faith."

Colonel Roosevelt thus unequivocally advocates the establishment of the single tax in Alaska and furthermore declares that "we have reason to believe it will work well", not only in Alaska but also

in older communities although he suggests that an experiment in Alaska is necessary to remove difficulties which he supposes to exist in these older places

"Those who actually use the land" in older communities have surely no objection to being relieved of burdens. The only difficulty in the way is that interested parties will try to deceive "those who actually use the land" by circulating such lies and deceptive statements as are being circulated today by the Allied Real Estate Interests in New York City, The Land Owners Protective Association in Missouri and The Equal Taxation League in Oregon. But Roosevelt has had enough experience in political fights to realize that every good cause meets such opposition and sooner or later triumphs in spite of it.

Moreover the same interests which are directing the fight against single tax legislation in older communities would as strenuously fight against a trial of it in Alaska. This is because they know it would be so great a success that further attempts to deceive any one concerning it would fail. If they actually believed that the single tax would be a failure they would welcome a trial of it anywhere as the quickest and surest method of killing the movement.

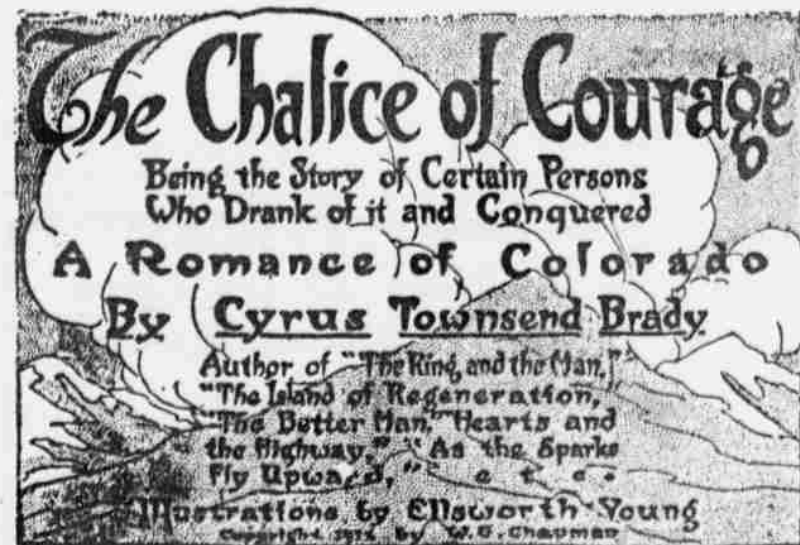
Roosevelt need not hesitate to advocate for older communities the same enlightened policy he favors for Alaska.

Enid could hardly have destroyed his recollection of her. How much more impossible it was since the other woman had fought so heroically and so successfully for her honor. Womanhood demanded her silence. Loyalty, honor, compelled her silence.

A dead hand grasped his heart and the same dead hand grasped hers. She could see no way out of the difficulty. So far as she knew no human soul except old Kirkby and herself knew this woman's story. She could not tell Newbold and she would have to impose upon Kirkby the same silence as she herself exercised. There was absolutely no way in which the man could find out. He must cherish his dream as he would. She would not enlighten him, she would not disabuse his mind, she could not shatter his ideal, she could not betray his wife. They might love as the angels of heaven and yet be kept forever apart—by a scruple, an idea, a principle, an abstraction, honor, a name.

Her mind told her these things were idle and foolish, but her soul would not hear of it. And in spite of her resolutions she felt that eventually there would be some way. She would not have been a human woman if she had not hoped and prayed that. She believed that God had created them for each other, that he had thrown them together. She was enough of a fatalist in this instance at least to accept their intimacy as the result of His ordination. There must be some way out of the dilemma.

Yet she knew that he would be true to his belief and she felt that she would not be false to her obligation. What of that? There would be some way. Perhaps somebody else knew, and then there flashed into her mind the writer of the letters. Who was he? Was he yet alive? Had he any part to play in



At that period in her reflections Enid Maitland saw a great light. The woman had not loved her husband after all, she had loved another. That passion of which he had dreamed had not been for him. By a strange chain of circumstances Enid Maitland held in her hand the solution of the problem. She had but to give him these letters to show him that his golden image had stood upon feet of clay, that the love upon which he had dwelt was not his. Once convinced of that he would come quick to her arms. She cried a prayer of blessing on old Kirkby and started to her feet, the letters in hand, to call Newbold back to her and tell him, and then she stopped.

Woman as she was she had respect for the binding conditions and laws of honor as well as he. Chance, nay Providence, had put the honor of this woman, her rival, in her hands. The world had long since forgotten this poor unfortunate; in

no heart was her memory cherished save in that of her husband. His idea of her was a false one to be sure, but not even to procure her own happiness could Enid Maitland overthrow that ideal, shatter that memory.

She sat down again with the letters in her hand. It had been very simple a moment since, but it was not so now. She had but to show him those letters to remove the great barrier between them. She could not do it. It was clearly impossible. The reputation of her dead sister who had struggled so bravely to the end was in her hands, she could not sacrifice her even for her own happiness.

"Quixotic," you say? I do not think so. She had blundered unwittingly, unwillingly, upon the heart secret of the other woman; she could not betray it. Even if the other woman had been really unfaithful in deed as well as in thought to her husband